

## Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 248

While looking at the eleven statues frozen in ice, Bai Zemin looked at Shangguan Bing Xue and said in exasperation, "You should have saved the leader... That bald guy maybe knew more than the rest."

She shrugged and said calmly, "You never pointed out which one. I didn't like his voice and eyes, so I froze him to death."

The corner of Bai Zemin's mouth twitched a couple of times when he heard this kind of reply. If it was in the past, when the two of them had just met, he would no doubt have been angry with her. But after experiencing so much together, after so many life-and-death battles where they both supported each other and had each other's backs, something so insignificant couldn't make him start fighting with her.

Seeing his speechless expression, Shangguan Bing Xue couldn't help but let a slightly teasing smile appear on her face, "Next time you need to be clearer about what you want."

Even she was the same way; she was gradually beginning to smile more regularly, her words were softer, and her attitude when she talked with him was no longer so stiff. At the very least, it was obvious that she unconsciously felt more comfortable than in the past when all the two of them did was argue over anything they disagreed on.

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Bai Zemin was a little surprised by her smile, but soon couldn't help but shake his head when he heard her words. He really wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. Even though he knew she did it on purpose, the loss wasn't great in any case.

"Forget it." He waved his hand and said calmly, "Just make sure you get all the information you can from that scum."

Then, under everyone's gaze, he went back to eating as if nothing had happened.

"Woah! Big Sister, you are so powerful!" Xiang Feng looked at Shangguan Bing Xue with starry eyes. Every time she looked at the ice statues, she seemed enchanted by the appearance of the eleven lost lives as if instead of death each statue represented something incredible and wonderful.

Nangong Yi whispered softly, his tone of voice was quite strange as was his expression, "Could it be that all the little children are so... Impressive?"

He naturally knew Luo Ning, the 9-year-old little girl who not only wielded a sharp bone sword forged by Bai Zemin, but was also able to summon a strange creature that had the ability to mingle with the surrounding shadows. Luo Ning killed zombies and other mutant beasts when they appeared as if she was playing dolls.

Now, Xiang Feng was delighted rather than frightened at the death of eleven people. Even if the way they died was not horrifying thanks to Shangguan Bing Xue's skill, death was death after all.

"Perhaps, as immature children, it's easier for them to adapt to the world and accept the new rules of the jungle more easily than it is for us adults." Nangong Lingxin sighed gently and looked at Xiang Feng with a complicated smile.

Although it was good for this little girl to grasp the reality sooner rather than later as this would give her a better life and higher her chances of survival in this chaotic world, it still left a somewhat bitter taste in her mouth.

At the age of 10, Xiang Feng was supposed to be enjoying a warm home, the loving embrace of her mother and father, a beautiful school life, and she was supposed to be surrounded by a lot of young children her age, making many friends. However, she was not only on the verge of starving to death or becoming some pervert's plaything, but was currently being held by her mother for fear that something bad would happen to her in the next instant.

At the age of 9, Luo Ning was supposed to be playing with her toys or having fun with her friends instead of wielding a sword and wearing leather armor to fight against dangerous and horrific creatures while fighting shoulder-to-shoulder with grown men and military soldiers.

"I think I finally understand a little bit why you are so kind to this girl and why you acted that way with Luo Ning in the meeting room 2 days ago." Nangong Lingxin looked at Bai Zemin in a new light.

Who would have thought that this indifferent and seemingly cruel young man who had killed several dozen people two days ago with a single wave of his hands and who had ordered the death of nearly a dozen more a minute ago, would actually have such a kind part inside him as well?

Bai Zemin looked at her for a second before shrugging casually. He didn't care too much about what other people say about him; he just needed to do what he believed was right... So that even in the face of death he would feel no regrets.

Meanwhile, Yi Fang looked at Shangguan Bing Xue with her eyes wide open. Her heart was pounding so hard that it seemed to be struggling to gallop out of her chest, showing how agitated her emotions were at this moment.

Not even in her wildest thoughts had Yi Fang believed that the silver-haired, blue-eyed fairy-like woman she met in her lowest moment of life would actually be so strong!

Yi Fang was, after all, just an ordinary woman and the lowest caste among the survivors of the North Camp. The most powerful person she had ever seen was her deceased husband, who after reaching level 5 and receiving a skill scroll was able to wield a heavy iron pipe with one hand as if he was holding a small wooden stick.

As for skills like Shangguan Bing Xue's? This was the first time she had witnessed something like this.

Shangguan Bing Xue only said a single word and eleven people lost their lives and turned into ice statues... From Yi Fang's point of view, Shangguan Bing Xue could not be considered human.

Wait... She is not the leader... The leader is he? Yi Fang seemed to realize something and quickly looked at Bai Zemin, only to see that he seemed oblivious to the whole situation and continued to eat like a hungry ghost.

Only now she remembered her daughter's words... Words she previously could not believe.

If everything Nangong Lingxin told her daughter was real, then... Yi Fang suddenly realized that the group of people in front of her was too mysterious and much more terrifying than she initially imagined. Suddenly, she felt that this base would become agitated soon.

As for Shangguan Bing Xue; after finishing lightly joking with Bai Zemin, she looked at the only survivor of the twelve hooligans who had arrived with evil intentions. But unlike the indifferent but somewhat playful look she had when talking with Bai Zemin, the gaze she gave to the slender hooligan was the indifferent kind that sent a chill down one's spine.

"Talk or die." She only uttered three words.

Nangong Yi looked at her dumbfounded. Is this how you interrogate someone?! That was what he was thinking. However, what happened next stupefied him even more.

Clang...

The watermelon-cutting knife in the slender punk's hands fell to the floor because he couldn't keep a firm grip on it. His legs weakened and quivered like jelly at the same time as his face turned pale; the man seemed to be fighting against his own body not to pee himself.

Just three words were enough for any will or courage to be destroyed. After all, he had just recently seen his companions slaughtered by the cold woman before him. Even now he could feel the coldness of the ice statues standing beside him.

"I will tell you! I'll tell you everything I know so please spare my life!" The slender punk sobbed and began to spill all the beans on the table without even missing a single word.

Nangong Yi almost spat the food out of his mouth. Really? Did it work? No torture and no beating?! He thought dumbfounded and suddenly realized that Shangguan Bing Xue had a talent for this kind of business.

While some were indifferent, while some were shocked, while some were dumbfounded, while some were casual, while some were delighted, the hooligan narrated the whole situation and the reason why they found out about the group.